









963

Addresses were made by Rev. Geo. F. Magoun, Iowa, and Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone, of Boston. The meeting closed by singing "My country, 'tis thee," followed by the benediction.—*Id.*

*The American Bible Society.*—The forty-sixth anniversary of the American Bible Society was held at Irving Hall, this morning. The Chair was occupied by Herman Lincoln, one of the Vice-presidents, who delivered an address. The Treasurer's report was read by Henry Fisher, and the manager's report by Rev. Dr. Holdich. The following is an abstract of these documents:

th, the following respected and beloved associates: Horace Holden, Esq., a Manager; Hon. John M. Lean, and George Douglas, Esq., Vice-presidents, and the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, President.

receipts of the year, were \$378,131.81, of which \$178,901.23 were for books sold. The Life Directors fifty-two were made during the year and Life Members, 1,057.

Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Philadelphia, addressed the  
 ence, followed by Rev. Mr. Kempehall, of New  
 y; Mr. Studley, of New Bedford; Dr. Ran-  
 of Boston, and Mr. Dwight of the army.  
 The business meeting of the society was held at  
 the Bible House, at 9 o'clock. The former manna-  
 were re-elected, but no choice was made of  
 ident.  
 Mr. Luther Bradish offered a series of resolu-

which were adopted, eulogistic of the late  
 Adore Frelinghuysen.—*Evening Post.*

The *American Seamen's Friend Society* has  
 had its thirty-fourth year of usefulness. The  
 report shows many interesting facts.

Forty years ago, the S. Society commenced furnish-  
 ing converted sailors with loan libraries for the use  
 of their shipmates at sea. This first

were shipped; the second, *ninety-four*; the third, *one hundred and thirteen*; the fourth—the year—one hundred and *seventeen*; making in all *three hundred and twenty-five* libraries, of *over 16,000* volumes, and accessible to *over 10* steamers at sea. *Eighty-two* of these libraries in United States vessels, and accessible to *than 10,000* naval personnel.

The number of boarders in the Sailer's Home for the year, has been 2,161; total since the year was opened, twenty years, 61,056; destitute and boys relieved, 116; amount deposited in by boarders, or sent to friends, \$70,418. 15. The figures tell the story of the importance of institution.

...sermon was preached by R. V. Cold, of Pittsfield, Mass., in the Lafayette-Ave. Presbyterian church. His text was "*Lamuch into the deep and let down your nets for a while?*" He spoke of the lesson taught by the fish catching, illustrating the power and goodness of God, His productiveness; and of the dangers encountered by the 3,000,000 sailors who go down to the ships—7,500 of them.

Society's anniversary exercises were held at Hall on Monday evening. Mr. W. A. President, occupied the Chair. Dr. Ferris, New York University, offered prayer. Address was made by Dr. Ferris.

—A disastrous fire occurred at Troy on  
ay, the losses from which are estimated at  
two millions.

two millions dollars. Numbers of the buildings were destroyed, including the Fulton The Union House, the American House,ington Hall, the Fifth and Sixth Streets, Johnson's Block, and Garley's Matheson Works. The fire spread so rapidly, owing to a high wind, that but little property could be saved, and the authorities were forced to blow down a number of buildings.

ings to stay its progress.—*Times*,  
*ce Napoleon on the Rebellion*.—The follow-  
 extracted from a letter dated Paris, April  
 a Prince Napoleon to a naturalized citizen  
 pean birth :  
 h the perfectly natural interest felt by me  
 great events of your adopted country, is  
 the conviction that the mis-

over the South must have considerable influence over Europe. In our times, civilized nations have interests and feelings in common, and it is this which constitutes their solidarity. The cause of Freedom and of Progress, represented by the North, is closely connected with the cause in Europe."

**Counterfeit bills.**—Well-executed counterfeit notes on the Allegany Bank of Pittsburgh are pressed on the Philadelphia brokers. A man was yesterday arrested on suspicion of having a batch from which we quote says it is unlikely these bills are also circulating in New-York.

**FOREIGN.**  
 The Australasian, from Liverpool, arriving Queenstown the 27th, has arrived. The steamer Tubal Cain had left Liverpool for with a large cargo of arms and ammunition, it was supposed, for the Southern States. According to a report in the London Standard.

rian ambassador at London, was instructed  
or explanations as to the meaning which  
fish cabinet attach to Lord Palmerston's  
ch on Italian affairs. A weekly journal is  
ed to appear in London, as an advocate of  
of the Confederate States.

minister of marine had resolved to send the iron frigate *Couronne* across the Atlantic, to test the worthiness of armor-plated vessels. Each infernal machine is described as capable of destroying six iron-plated ships at a distance of 1,000 yards.

Shanghai dispatch of the 15th of March, says that the rebels intended to attack Shanghai. The Taipings had been defeated by the forces at Ming-Hong, with a loss of 1,000 men. Foreigners had been warned to keep within the city walls.

—By way of Havana, we have advices also to the 24th ultimo. The French had from Cordova and occupied Orizaba, in fulfillment of their agreement. They had attacked the city of Orizaba, and had killed many of the men who were in a fort, and notwith-

a desperate resistance was made, took prisoners. They also attacked and the troops placed along the roadside by Zaruloga to protect the route of the Caucasus. Although this was probably owing to it, it had further contributed to arouse an animosity. On the 19th and 20th reinforcements for Zaruloga arrived. Genor-

was awaiting the result of a private conference which was being held between Charles Wyke and Dobaldo, at Vera Cruz, and was thought to be hostile to the French. The terms given by the French plenipotentiaries fulfilling their stipulations had been published.

on April 30, has arrived. Important  
attacks with light artillery had been made in  
which proved its ability to defend the shores  
attack by vessels.  
stress among the English operatives still  
Queen Victoria was about to visit Scot-  
several confederates had arrived at Liver-  
the West Indies having run the blockade

sion was to purchase warlike stores. The Emperor refused to send a nuncio to St. Petersburg in consequence of the demand of the Emperor of Russia to communicate with him through one of his ministers. A conspiracy had been discovered in Italy in which a number of the clergy were implicated. The sale of cotton in the English market was light, but the prices steady.—*World.*

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## Family Miscellany.

## ON THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

BY REUBEN LEIGHTON.

Another laurel wreath to-day  
Our country's honored fame;  
The seal is set which wipes away  
A long recorded shame.  
Thank God! the rulers of the land  
For Freedom have decreed,  
And Justice life her sacred hand  
To bless the righteous deed.

But yesterday, where now we tread  
Was Slavery's cursed soil;  
Unchecked she reared her shameless head,  
And clutched her guilty spoil.  
To-day we walk on Freedom's ground;  
No slave can breathe this air;  
And joy and thankfulness resound  
Where late was heard despair.

Too long the spot which bears the name  
Of him who led the host  
Of all the patriots dead to fame,  
Whose names immortal shroud  
Hath borne the deep disgrace that brands  
The tyrant's hated deed:  
And plain the damning records stand,  
To mock the nation's creed.

The golden hour has struck at last,  
Which marks a joyful morn;  
The night of tyranny is past,  
The day of justice born.  
The record writ in coming years  
The past may yet recall;  
The promise which to-day appears  
The future yet shall tell.

And she who crowns the smiling hill  
Where far from Freedom glows,  
And where desire for good or ill,  
A nation's fate decides—  
A noble city yet shall stand,  
And worthy to have borne  
The honored patriot name which she  
Disbursed, long hath worn.

No more within her marble halls  
Oppression rules the hour;  
No longer on the nation calls  
To crouch beneath his power.  
Within her courts shall Freedom bear  
Henceforth her throne;  
And all the future seems to wear  
The glory of to-day.

How grand and fair the vision spread  
Before our longing eyes,  
As all the mist of doubt and dread  
From off the picture rises.  
From lakes that stretch to sea,  
Behold the land so good!  
Her toiling millions strong and free—  
One mighty brotherhood.

Her battles fought, her victories won,  
No field of bloody strife  
Sends forth its clouds to blot the sun,  
Or drags the nation's life  
And peace and all her shining land  
Their tuneful voices raise,  
And sing throughout the happy land  
Their songs of joy and praise.

From sea to sea, from Gulf to lakes,  
And o'er the watery world,  
The winds of heaven our banner take,  
Against the sky unfurled;  
The dear old flag—its stars all there—  
And where it proudly stars all there—  
No guile of treachery, no stain of sin,  
No slave of freedom dreams.

On a fairer born of fate,  
O people! live in peace,  
To yours to make the world sublime,  
To bring nobly great;  
To rise, to form this noble hour,  
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Did her dream, believing,  
Little feet and hands,  
Watching for her passing,  
Through the pearly gate.

## TRUST.

God's ways are dark, but soon or late,  
They touch the shining hills of day;  
The evil cannot brook delay,  
The good can well afford to wait.

## BEFORE AND AFTER.

## CHAPTER II.

It had been a day of brisk business in the city of Washington. Congress had resumed its sessions, under the auspices of a new administration, and the capital of our country was again filling up with a new set of transient sojourners. Men of business, and of pleasure; Senators, Representatives, clerks, office-seekers, with their several schemes of self-interest or patriotism, ambition or benevolence, thronged the streets. Ladies of the first circles, and ladies yet to be initiated into the interests and amusements, perchance the dissipation of Washington life, had fluttered their ribbons and flounces on the walks, or strolled through the grounds adjoining the Capitol buildings.

But old Sol is about shutting up his eye-book and ledger, announcing the close of the day to the same. The new clerk in the Department of the Interior has folded away his papers with a yawn, brushed off the dust, donned hat and overcoat, and is evidently homeward bound. A tall, portly, dark-eyed gentleman, he is, approaching middle age, with long beard, which gives him an air of dignity, and some lines of care in his face. Can it be possible that this is our old friend, Fred Worthington? Even so. Just such pranks does time play, in giving us a staid, matter-of-fact, business man, in place of the light, social, confident youth. And alas for ambitions hopes and aspirations! Only a clerkship in one of the Departments, and rapidly nearing forty! Well, that is the way the world treats us!

Well, that is the way the world treats us! Come, Bridget, hurry up! here it is almost six, and Mr. Worthington always likes to find dinner all ready, and just done, and not overdone—men are so thoughtless! Have you mashed the potatoes—and how about the pudding?

Sure, ma'am, I was just after doing that same; but will ye please look at this bread—it wouldn't come up for me all day, and the fire is on its last legs!

"O dear, let the bread baked yet? what can I do?" exclaimed Mrs. Worthington, gazing dispairingly on the flattened mass of dough. "Mr. Worthington doesn't like baker's bread," she continued, musingly. "Well, there's no other way, now. I'll send Hetty around to the baker's. Hurry up the dinner, now, and don't let it get cold." And with this parting injunction she sought the nursery.

"Here, Hetty, I'll take the baby while you run around the corner for a loaf of bread. Charlie, what are you doing? Spoiling your sister's best doll! Stop this minute! Don't cry, Susie! Eddie, don't scratch the bureau with that pin—mind me! Kate and Willie, what are you quarreling about? Hush, this minute! Do you want me to tell your father?"

And while the mother sits there, rocking the baby, with flushed, anxious face, we will try to recognize in her the "Nettie" of years ago. It is an unfavorable time for the investigation. Were she with company in the drawing room, and free from care, we might recognize something like the old, bright smile, and the artless, winning manners of her girlish days. But too often, now, is the brow clouded and anxious, and many lines of care are written there, which we would fain efface.

A full, matronly form is hers, well befitting the mother of six noisy boys and girls. In her face we find a strange commingling of the old, childish expression, and the new, motherly, housewifely look. The eyes are still blue, and clear, and innocent, though some of the dance and sparkle has left them; the chestnut curls are combed straight back, and twisted in a plain knot, behind. She has not yet found time to replace, for an afternoon costume, the blue morning-dress, which baby has not failed to disarrange as far as lies in his power. And now that said mischievous little baggage is closing his eyes for a nap, a heavy step on the stair, and a shout from the children, announce the approach of "papa." A merry game of romps, during which baby is rendered more thoroughly awake than ever, and everything generally is turned up side down, ensues; after which follows the usual interrogatory:

"Well, mother—dinner ready?" It was not, and Nettie was obliged to repair to the kitchen regions, to ascertain what untoward event had clogged the wheels of progress. It was, consequently, some time before things were in readiness, and the younger members of the family duly seated and pinfolded.

"Baker's bread, again? Why, wife! And the beef isn't half done, and cold, too! How's this?"

"Well, Fred, I can't do anything with that raw Irish girl. Can't we find some one who understands her business? You must stop at the Intelligence office, to-morrow. I can't get along so."

"But I thought you understood such matters. We never used to have so much trouble in Brooklyn."

"Well, Mr. Milly was an experienced cook; and then mother used to run in every day, and see to things. I'm sure I never thought it was so much work to keep house!" And the wife sighed, as she turned to pick up Charlie's spoon, and assist that young gentleman in the embarrassing operation of feeding himself.

Mr. Worthington concluded his meal in silence. As he shoved back his chair he broke out: "It seems to me, wife, you lack system."

"Well, I can't bear confinement; at least I don't like it! You know I always told you I never could do anything by rule and measure; and you used to laugh and say you couldn't bear a methodical, logical, 'strong-minded' woman. Don't you remember?" asked Nettie, looking up with an arch expression, very like that of her girlish days.

"Yes; but you were a girl, then, Nettie, and you're a woman now—or at least ought to be! Don't you think it's about time you put on the harness, eh?" he said, half playfully. "But speaking of old times reminds me, we've had an invitation to dine at Senator Stanley's, Thursday. Stanley sent around a note this morning, asking us to come for old friendships'

sake, and hoping our political differences would form no barrier, &c."

"O, I'm so glad! Take care, Charlie! here—you've had pudding enough, hasn't he, father? I wish you would make him mind! How delightful that they've come here to Washington, just at this time!"

"Yes; I never expected to see Stanley so high up in the world. Enthusiastic and visionary as ever, too, he is; and so is Clara. What a help that woman is to her husband! They both make a ludicrous blunder, though, in mixing up poetry, philosophy and politics into one jumble, as they do!—By the way, he's actually run his Bill through the Senate, and prospect of its passing the House."

"Has he? I'm glad he has been so successful," said Nettie absently, as she was trying to untangle the heterogeneous mass of matter in her work-basket.

"Glad! Why it's the worst blow our party could have received. I'm thoroughly provoked!"

"Is it? Well, I wish, you know I never can keep track of all your political twists and turns!"

"I wish you would keep better run of these things, my dear! When a man is in political life it is very important for a wife to understand his position, and appear intelligent on such subjects."

"I thought you didn't like political women?"

"Well, I'm not rabid on Woman's Rights, like Stanley and his wife, of course; but it does look well for a woman to understand matters, in a still way, and be ready to give her opinion, when it is called for. In short, intellectual women are getting the fashion, and I don't want my wife to be behind-hand."

"You ought to have expressed yourself on the subject twelve years ago. What with house-keeping and babyology I think I have studied enough on hand, just now. O, do you know I've engaged a teacher in house-keeping! So give me credit for one practical step!" said Nettie, almost gaily; for Nettie was an April natter, and the clouds of one moment became the sunshine of the next.

"Excellent! Who?"

"Clara. She came over to-day, just as I was having a good cry because my cake wouldn't rise; and do you believe she wouldn't wait in the parlor, but ran right up to see me; and we had a good long talk, and she is just the same dear creature she used to be! We told each other everything that had happened since we were married. Only think! she did all her own work, for three years! She owned that it was rather hard, at first, but then she said it was 'good discipline.' Clara takes everything so philosophically, you know. Now I suppose she'd cook a steak in the same scientific manner in which she used to demonstrate problems, at school! I told her all about what trouble I'd had lately, and how I couldn't seem to make things go; and she talked so sympathetically, and told me her experiences. We had a good talk about children, too. She has had three—all boys. Now you know I never could manage Willie and Charlie. She believes a great deal in understanding their natures, and sympathizing with them, and taking an interest in their games and studies, and being firm, and never getting impatient, and a great many wise things that I'm going to try to learn. So don't despair! I'm in a fair way of making you a good wife one of these days!"

And Nettie was as good as her word. Through energy and perseverance, and with a sisterly aid and sympathy from Clara, she has become a first-class house-keeper, and a judicious mother. She still persists, however, that she "can't get the hang of politics," and fears she will never "be intellectual"—that she "wasn't cut out for it."

Fred Worthington has taken advantage of the new turn in politics to come out strongly "Union," and consequently his fortunes are on the rise; but as there are very many of his stripe, in a similar position, it is exceedingly doubtful whether he attains the coveted Presidency—or even a seat in the Cabinet, which is his second choice.

Stanley has been re-elected to the Senate, by a large majority.

To such of my young lady readers as are interested in the fate of Walter Graves, I would whisper that he had just returned from a sojourn of some years in Europe, where he has presented his favorite study, paying his way by correspondences with American journals; that he is one of the rising Artists of our country; and that he still remains in a state of bachelorhood. May it become the pleasant task of some one of you—kind maiden readers—to convince him that *second* loves may be deeper, more earnest, more noble than *first* ones!

LAVINIA G.

## THE BROKEN KITE.

"Mother, what is to be my text for this week?" said Willie Allen.

"Blessed are the peace-makers," answered his mother.

Willie looked a little surprised, as he asked, "Why do you choose that verse, mother?"

"Because, my son, I think you ought to practice it. I know you have been trying hard, lately, to govern your own temper, and I think you will succeed; because you don't trust in yourself, but pray for God's help."

"Well, mother," said Willie, "I have done that, ever since you talked to me about praying when the angry feeling comes; and God does send it away. Sometimes it is worse than at others, and I have to walk away from the boys and pretend to be fixing my kite or doing something else, while I say Bible verses or a piece of a hymn, until the bad temper goes off."

"Well, Willie dear, prayer will help you to be a peace-maker. When two of your playmates get to calling angry names and making ready for a fight, pray for your heart to God for them as you would for yourself, and then speak to them and try to persuade them to stop quarrelling. Sometimes, by giving up some little thing yourself, such as your turn at marbles, or lending your kite to one who has none, you can restore good temper; and even if doing this costs you some self-denial, just imagine, Willie, that you hear our dear Savior saying to you, 'Blessed are the peace-makers.' Willie kissed his mother, and taking his new kite, started for the playground. It was a holiday, and some twenty kites were already in the air. Willie laid his down on the ground while he took a knot out of the tail, meanwhile wondering to himself whether there would be any occasion that day for him to act the 'peace-maker.'"

Presently loud voices caught his ear, and, looking round, he saw two boys standing over a broken kite; their angry faces and harsh tones showing that passion was raging in their hearts.

"It wasn't my fault! I didn't know it was that boy's!"

"You did! You broke it on purpose, you rascal!"

"Say that again, and I'll give you a good licking!"

"Lick me! You'd better try it!"—Here he pulled off his jacket and threw it on the ground, then, snatching up his fists, cried, tauntingly, "Now come on! Just come on! I'm ready to be licked! Come and try it!"

His antagonist was preparing to "try it," when Willie, kite in hand and a prayer in his heart, stepped between.—"Stop a moment boys! May be we can settle this without a fight."

"You keep out of the way, Bill Allen, or you'll get knocked down!" shouted the boy whose coat was off.

"Dan, let me speak first, before you get to fighting."

"What do you want?" said Dan shortly.

"Just tell me it is about the kite that you are quarreling about."

"Yes," replied Dan, turning round to look at the fragments. "She was the best kite in the field, and Dick Bell has ruined her!"

And again he clenched his fists and aimed a blow at Dick, which Willie caught on his right arm. It stung a little, but Willie only said, "Come, don't quarrel with your friends! Now, look here! If you'll give this up—fighting, I mean—you shall have my kite, which is a real 'high-flyer,' and better than yours, I guess."

"Do you mean that you'll give it to me for nothing?"

"No, I'll give it to you for not fighting."

"Why don't you want me to fight?" asked Dan, very much provoked.

"No, Dan; but it is wrong. God says so in the Bible."

"But I don't see what business it is of yours if we choose to fight."

Willie's face flashed a little, as he answered, earnestly. "My verse for this week is 'Blessed are the peace-makers,' and I want to be one of those that Jesus blesses."

Dan stooped down over the broken kite, and appeared to be trying to tie the pieces together; but I am sure he was only thinking of Willie's words. Presently he looked up and said, in his usual tone, "Dick, did you really do this on purpose?"

"No, Dan; I tell you the truth. I didn't know it was there, and I was very sorry I broke it, and would have said so, if you hadn't got mad in such a hurry. If you'll let me, I'll make you another exactly like it. I've got some capital paper at home."

"But this is Dan's now," said Willie, holding out his kite.

"No, said Dan, 'I'm not quite so mean as that, old fellow! Keep your kite; and you shall teach me to keep my temper. Shake hands, Dick! This is better than black eyes and bloody noses, isn't it?'"

As they walked off together, sweetly to Willie's heart came his Master's approving words, "Blessed are the peace-makers."

## THE BOY AND THE WOLF.

When I was a boy I lived among the green mountains of the West, making snow-drifts, and sliding down the steep hills, and in Summer and Autumn wandering over the mountains after flowers or nuts, or catching the beautiful trout from the brooks. But my brother in Wisconsin wrote me to come to him, and I went. Our house was then on the edge of a great prairie, and the prairie was covered with flowers, and the many clear lakes around abounded in fish and ducks; but our principal food was "hoe-cake" and salt pork.

One of our neighbors had no meat for a long time, and getting tired of potatoes, and so he came to see me one day, and told me that he had a boy about ten years old for a piece of pork. As he was carrying it homeward, and going through a piece of woods by "Silver-lake," he heard a rustling in the leaves in a thicket by the roadside. He stopped and listened, and saw a wolf standing and looking forward, again the leaves rustled behind him, and he thought he heard a stealthy step. Again he stopped; every thing was still except the gentle dash of the waves upon the pebbly beach, and the rapid beating of his own heart.

He dreaded to go forward, and dared not stay, for he saw night was approaching, and the wood always echoed with the howl of the hungry wolf, and the savage bear and stealthy catamount came out from their dens. So picking up a club he again started homeward. Again came the stealthy step behind him, nearer and nearer, until he saw a giant and hairy man, and he knew that he was being followed, and still clinging to his club, the wolf was coming nearer and nearer, and might at any moment spring upon him.

Still, the boy, though he trembled in every limb, did not lose the presence of mind. He remembered having heard his father say, that if one faced a wild animal and looked it square in the eye, it would not dare to attack him. He turned around and faced the hungry wolf, and commenced walking backwards toward his house, still a long mile and a half away. As the woods grew darker, the wolf came nearer, showing his white teeth, with the hair bristling on his back. The courageous boy knew that if he ran he would be lost, and he was safe, and could run home unmolested, but he knew there were hungry ones at home awaiting his return. So backwards he went, step by step. As the wolf came near, he hit him square upon the head with a stone, when with an angry "yelp" the wolf sprang into the thicket, and he was gone.

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fleeing; he must "cultivate love and truth."

He also, and those of all other vocations, should feel that he can "get no good by proposing to be in earnest at the moment." His work is too good and solemn to be thus lightly dispatched. The solemn earnestness which befits it is not a jerk, to be doled out or doled at pleasure, but a command of power, or is absolutely *ad hoc*.—North Western Advocate.

## LIBERTY OR DEATH.

## A THIRTEEN INCIDENT.

Within the past three months a large number of slaves have been sent from South and sold to new masters; and the scenes in the auction marts have often been harrowing to witness—families being separated without least regard for humanity, or that kind of external decency which the slaveholders frequently affect to observe.

A week or two since, a large and rather intelligent mulatto was taken from his wife and children, and sold to a Texas planter at James' mart. He, poor fellow, was greatly depressed, and seemed for a time unconscious of everything passing around him. At last he aroused himself from his stupor, and asked if he had been sold, and to whom? The name of the planter was given, and the location of his plantation.

An expression of agony, succeeded by a cloud of despair, passed over the man's face; but without speaking, he walked quietly into the middle of the street, and before any one could divine his motive, or anticipate his intention, he drew a pistol, which he had concealed upon his person, and placing the muzzle to his forehead, pulled the trigger.

The upper part of the mulatto's head was fairly blown off; and he fell a mangled corpse in the midst of the crowded thoroughfare.

The bondsman was free. Suicide had saved him from Slavery.

The crowd, ever curious, and rarely sympathetic, especially when a negro is the sufferer or the victim, gathered for a moment about the body; but no one pitied, no one bestowed more thought upon the heart-broken slave than if he were a dog.

A few asked "what in the devil was the matter with the nigger?" Others observed: "The 'd-nigger' must have been crazy." And the Texas planter swore roundly, saying, "D—n the cursed dander. I could have sold him for two thousand dollars. I'm just so much out of pocket. If he'd come to life again, I'd give him forty lashes."

But the crowd went hurrying on, and the negro, and the great tragedy, deeper and grander and more awful than "Othello," were forgotten; and the heroic martyr was hauled away like a poisoned dog.—N. Y. Tribune.

STATISTICS OF HUMAN LIFE.—The total number of human beings on earth is now computed in round numbers at 1,000,000,000. They speak 3,044 known tongues, and in which upward of 1,100 religions or creeds are preached. The average age of life is 33½ years. One-fourth of the born die before they reach the age of 7 years, and the half before the 17th year. Out of 100 persons only six reach the age of 60 years, and upward, while only one in 1,000 reaches the age of 100 years. Out of 500 only one attains 80 years. Out of the thousand million living persons 330,000,000 die annually, 91,000 daily, 3,750 every hour, 60 every minute, consequently one every second. The loss is, however, balanced by the gain in new births. Tell me, are we supposed to live longer than short ones? Women are generally stronger proportionally than men, until their